

NEW YORK JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.
102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1896.
Entered in the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month..... \$4.50
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month..... \$3.50
DAILY, With Sunday, Per Month..... \$4.50
SUNDAY, Alone, Per Month..... \$1.50
Three times the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.
In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

Persons desirous of organizing clubs of subscribers for the New York Journal will receive full information concerning special rates, etc., by addressing "Circulation Department, the New York Journal, New York."

THE WEATHER.
Official forecasts for to-day indicate cloudy weather.

MR. THACHER'S LETTER.

In a letter, made public yesterday, Mr. John Boyd Thacher, the nominee for Governor of the Democratic party of New York, acknowledges his nomination and defines his views upon the political issues now confronting the voters. He very properly thinks it due the Notification Committee that his opinions on mooted questions of public policy should be made clear before he is formally notified.

When the convention was held at Buffalo, September 17, it was, apparently at least, enthusiastically and unitedly in favor of the Chicago platform and the Chicago ticket. It indorsed both in language so unequivocal that it cannot be too often quoted: "The Democratic party of the State of New York, in convention assembled, unreservedly indorses the platform adopted by the Democratic party at the National Convention held in Chicago on July 7, 1896; cordially approves the nominations there made; pledges to William J. Bryan and Arthur Sewall its hearty and active support, and declares as its deliberate judgment that never in the history of the Democratic party has a platform been written which embodied more completely the interests of the whole people as distinguished from those who seek legislation for private benefit, than that given to the country by the National Democratic Convention of 1894.

The convention which thus approved the Chicago platform, which declared as its "deliberate judgment" that platform one which embodied completely the interests of the whole people, nominated Mr. Thacher for Governor upon the repeated assurances of his spokesmen that he was loyal to the Chicago platform, and, above all, a believer in free silver coinage.

Men are not nominated for office in New York without seeking the honor. Above all it is true that Mr. Thacher did not secure his victory without earnest work on the part of his friends, which work could not have been conducted without his knowledge and without, in some degree, his direction. He appeared as a candidate before a free silver convention, the officers of which were elected upon the free silver issue. He had before him the example of Mr. Frederick Cook, who, recognizing that convention and platform were for free silver, honorably retired from candidacy for a nomination, saying that as a believer in the gold standard, he could not ask advancement at the hands of delegates pledged—as a majority of the Buffalo delegates were pledged—to Bryan and to Bryan's platform. Mr. Thacher, however, showed no such compunctions. His candidacy was pressed, and pressed with the distinct assertion by his lieutenants that he believed in and would advocate the whole Chicago platform. The eloquent Mr. Grady, of Tammany, who put his name in nomination, certified with fluent rhetoric to his devotion to the silver cause. The chairman of his own county delegation, a man who might at least be expected to understand the candidate's professions, if not his true thoughts, strenuously defended his entire devotion to silver. And so the convention, under the leadership of Tammany Hall, put Mr. Thacher in nomination.

Comes now this candidate, a few days only before the Notification Committee is to apprise him of the honor he has secured under false pretences, and announces that he is not in accord with the Democratic national platform at all. He repudiates all that was said for him by his spokesmen in the convention. Accepting all of the platform which makes for Thacher, he disavows all that stands for Bryan. "In nominating me I must assume," he says in a curious piece of argument, "that the convention was not unaware of my financial views as expressed in my public utterances, and that it was induced to accord me that distinguished honor in view of the fact that under the Constitution a Governor of the State has no official connection

whatever with matters pertaining to the national currency."

Mr. Thacher assumes too much. The convention believed—because it was assured by men who led his desperate struggle for a nomination which will now prove empty—that he stood by and for the Chicago platform. To hint that the delegates who adopted the plank above quoted nominated him with full knowledge of his disapproval of it is to assert that they were either hypocrites or fools. And even if we accept Mr. Thacher's theory that he was nominated because the Governor has nothing to do with matters pertaining to the national currency, how shall we explain his eagerness to declare in his first official letter as candidate that he opposes that reform of the currency to which Democracy is pledged? If he has nothing to do with it, why insist on taking a stand repugnant to the convictions of the convention which nominated him? If, as he says, he "will vote for William Jennings Bryan and Arthur Sewall," why does he make the first letter of his campaign a sinister stroke at the animating purposes of their candidacies?

Mr. Thacher's position now is one which to a man of honor would be repugnant. Immediately after the Chicago Convention many Democrats of sincere, if mistaken, convictions, repudiated its principles, deserted the party and openly declared their purpose to defeat it if within their power. We need not admire these men, but we cannot refuse them the respect which is due to frankness of speech and earnestness of purpose. Mr. Thacher was not of this class. A more numerous body, recruited mainly from the rank and file of the party, accepted the Chicago declaration and went earnestly to work to carry the banner of Democracy to victory. With this faction Mr. Thacher was not reckoned. A third class of "Democrats," small, but unhappily influential, taking their cue from "Wolfert's Roost," kept silence, strove to deceive both factions, betrayed both and find themselves now in full possession of the dead sea fruit of a policy of treachery and deceit.

Sound money Democrats have no reason to support Mr. Thacher, for his candidacy is by grace of a free silver convention, and upon a free silver platform. Free silver Democrats have most assuredly no reason to give him their ballots, for he has betrayed their representatives and spurned their convictions. This is a disheartening situation to the Democrats of New York, insuring as it does beyond question the loss of the State, but it is both disastrous and disgraceful to Mr. Thacher, and is likely to be as disastrous as it is disgraceful to the stronger political force which—aided by his duplicity—imposed this unfit candidate upon a reluctant party.

WAR ON MANHOOD.

Henry George, an impartial observer, commissioned by the Journal to go where the fighting is hottest and tell the truth to the public, confirms in his dispatches from Chicago the reports that widespread intimidation is being practised in the interest of McKinley's candidacy. Republican employers are taking every means to let their employees understand that a vote against the gold standard will be followed by unpleasant personal consequences to the voter. Railroad workmen, invited to board special trains for "labor demonstrations" at Canton, are "afraid to refuse to go." Mr. George, under date of the 16th inst., adds:

The Bryan speakers and clubs are telling men to take McKinley buttons and wear them conspicuously, to join McKinley excursions and gold clubs, to talk for McKinley and against Bryan whenever they feel that their places depend upon it—but always to remember when they get to the voting booth and the door is closed and the voting paper is before them to be marked, that then, if not before, they are "free" men.

Even if the maintenance of the gold standard, instead of being a swindle of the many for the benefit of the few, were as important to the business interests of the country as its advocates assert, what defence can they make of the state of things described by Mr. George?

Is any monetary scheme of such vital value that it will pay the United States to uphold it at the cost of degrading the citizenship of the Republic? If one seriously believes that free silver coinage will debase the currency, he is right to give his voice and vote against it. A debased currency is a thing to be afraid of, surely, but there is another thing infinitely worse for this nation than a really debased currency would be, and that is a debased manhood.

A cause committed to the hands of a Hanna and depending on an organized, continent-wide system of bulldozing and bribery to carry an election, is a cause in whose inherent merits its advocates can have little faith. Any cause, no matter what it may be, that represents a wholesale attemper upon the freedom and integrity of the voters deserves to be smashed at the ballot

box. It must be smashed, too, if the men of this country and not its conscienceless money are to control the destinies of the United States.

ACTIVITY OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

The very prompt response of the members of the School Board to the demand made by the Journal, together with many of its ablest contemporaries, for immediate amelioration of the disgraceful situation respecting educational facilities in the congested sections of the city, is in the highest degree creditable to that body.

At a meeting held yesterday the Superintendent of Buildings for the Board was authorized and directed to immediately locate sites and erect buildings, within the thirty-five foot limit, in sufficient number to supply the present demand.

This action, if given prompt effect, will outdo the brightest expectation of those who have combated the present faulty school system. Under it there should be school rooms for all children within three months. Few had hoped that the vigorous attack of the press on the existing conditions could produce reform in less than a year.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

If McKinley should be elected, whose would the triumph be? Would the industrious, decent citizens of the country, who work honestly in their various ways with hand or brain for a livelihood, and want only what belongs to them, feel that a victory had been won over greed, dishonesty and the predatory interests that seek to manipulate politics and control the Government for their private advantage?

For years there has gone up in this Republic an earnest and bitter cry against the growing power of money. The education, the conscience, the patriotism of the United States have joined in that cry.

What sort of an answer would McKinley's election be to it?

Hon. Tom Carter's fear of "free trade" and "free riot" has been accumulated since his book agent days.

The introduction of the Oregon seedless grape will tend to produce the physician with the appendicitis practice.

Mr. Powderly's chilly reception at the hands of labor means his early elimination from Mr. Hanna's list of oratorical patriots.

Perhaps the Sultan is disposed to regard the agitation in the West as "the mere talk of reckless agitators who have designs on vested rights."

The Cuckoo Ready Letter Writer seems to be the favorite guide for those gentlemen who are engaged in deserting the Democratic party.

The "mere curiosity seekers" continue to gather to hear Mr. Bryan, and it is not at all unlikely that some of them may carry their "curiosity" to the polls.

If the Spanish are really in earnest about desiring to close the Cuban war let them follow the advice of the Spanish statesman who suggests an attack on Key West.

David B. Hill went to the Chicago Convention under instructions from the New York Democracy. Why should he refuse to go to Buffalo under instructions from the Albany Democracy?

President Eliot has taken the stump for McKinley, and therefore will be exempt from all those unpleasant remarks indulged in by the Republican press on the occasion of his last campaigning tour.

A joint debate between the Democratic and Republican Presidential candidates might throw considerable light on the financial question. It would give Major McKinley an excellent opportunity to explain his dismissed views on the issue, and Mr. Bryan could assist him materially by propounding a few pertinent questions. By all means, let us have the debate.

It is remarkable that Major McKinley has not grown a beard. To come out on his Canton porch with the blushing surface of his cheeks undiminished and denounce as dishonest all the arguments he was wont not so long ago to advance in behalf of silver cannot but give the Major a sense of shame that few men would care to endure even for a chance of being President.

Those who labor under the delusion that the formidable gunboat Bancroft has gone to Turkey to force a passage of the Dardanelles and compel the Sultan to put an end to the outrages in Armenia should consider well the remarks of Sir Charles Dilke published yesterday. It seems that even the mighty Channel squadron of England would have trouble in passing the Dardanelles, and that if the thing were done it would stir up a general European war. The whole United States navy is not too strong to meet England's Channel squadron, and the United States at war with all Europe would not be a cheerful spectacle even to pronounced Jingoists. Furthermore, President Cleveland knows as well as any one else in the world that this is not his month for tall-twisting. Not even a war with Europe would elect the candidate to whom the President has pledged his support.

THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

WITH INCREASING SUBSCRIPTIONS THE EDUCATION OF THE VOTERS BECOMES ASSURED.

Below is given a full list of the contributions sent in yesterday to the fund:

Hawkeye, Council Bluffs, Iowa.....	1.00	Harrisburg, Pa.....	1.00
John Keenan, Bridgeport, Conn.....	5.00	Democrats Who Have Not Baked, New London, Conn.....	3.50
Dr. A. W. Knox, Raleigh, N. C.....	5.15	A. S. Randall, Chicago, Ill.....	2.00
A Disfranchised Fighter, Washington, D. C.....	25.00	George E. Purvis, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.....	1.00
E. G. Gorman, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5.00	W. I. Hood, Lima, Ohio.....	1.00
H. C. Daniels, Little Rock, Ark.....	1.00	Ruth E. Plumb, Emporia, Kan.....	50.00
Silverite, Hampton, Va.....	1.00	Democratic Central Committee, Clay County, Mo.....	15.00
Citizens of Batesville, Ark.....	9.25	M. Gilbride, Rhode Island.....	2.00
B. G. White, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00	James M. S. Pettit, Nashville, Tenn.....	1.00
A. E. Bentley, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00	Jasper Hayes, Nashville, Tenn.....	1.00
S. N. Dickson, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00	Greenback Independent, N. Y. City.....	1.00
W. L. Moore, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00	A. Gotthold, Wilkesbarre, Pa.....	2.00
W. M. Riddick, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	M. W. Spearman, Kelly, Ga.....	1.00
S. E. Spry, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	Almond Barreille, Boston, Mass.....	2.00
J. A. Williams, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	Rosa W. Balin, Kosciusko, Miss.....	1.00
Walter Andrews, Morrilton, Ark.....	50	Colonel G. V. Bryan, Hailley, Idaho.....	25.00
R. N. Vail, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00	Texas Angel, Hailley, Idaho.....	25.00
Cash, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	A. Ostmann, Cannon Station, Miss.....	1.00
J. W. Alston, Morrilton, Ark.....	50	D. B. Pollock, N. Y. City.....	1.00
Cash, Morrilton, Ark.....	50	R. B. Monteith, Natchez, Miss.....	1.00
P. Boehman, Morrilton, Ark.....	25	James O'Brien, Natchez, Miss.....	1.00
C. Steele, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	Henry F. Scott, Natchez, Miss.....	1.00
J. T. Haunford, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	Charles V. Patterson, Natchez, Miss.....	2.00
H. W. Burrow, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	American Independent, N. Y. City.....	4.00
W. T. Orrell, Morrilton, Ark.....	2.50	Geo. F. Baer, Reading, Pa.....	20.00
Peter Miller, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	W. S. P. C. Sutton, W. Va.....	50
Cash, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	J. F. W. Wall Street, N. Y.....	1.00
E. E. Mitchell, Morrilton, Ark.....	1.00	James P. Mack, Hinton, W. Va.....	1.00
W. S. Hanna, Morrilton, Ark.....	50	Y. A. McClung, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00
Dr. Brilling, Morrilton, Ark.....	15	W. C. Wells, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00
E. B. Meadows, Morrilton, Ark.....	2.00	W. C. Dickson, Morrilton, Ark.....	5.00
S. L. Carey, Manchester, Iowa.....	3.00	N. Y. Y.....	1.00
West Knoxville (Tenn.) Bryan and Sewall Club.....	11.00	J. Mack, Paterson, N. J.....	1.00
An Unaffiliated Democrat.....		Reiss Bros., Pueblo, Colo.....	10.00

Subscription Blank.—Fill in and Send with Contribution.

(Date) _____

To _____

I hereby subscribe the sum of \$ _____

to the New York Journal's fund for the education of the voters of the United States.

(Name) _____

(Address) _____

[The Journal would like the full names and addresses of subscribers, but agrees to use only initials or pseudonym when requested.]

Several of the letters that came yesterday contained amounts of less than a dollar. Most of them enclosed an even dollar. Ever since the fund was started the average contribution has been about one dollar. And yet as the total now stands it is something over \$12,000, a very creditable sum. This result is another instance of the power that lies in small things. And so far it is perfectly satisfactory. But there are twelve million voters in the United States, and it will require more than \$12,000 to supply so many with the silver literature of the campaign. More money must be collected, and that within a short time. For the real heat of the campaign is now near at hand, and if the Democracy is to triumph in November its forces must presently be all of one mind. Therefore, it behooves every man or woman whose disinterested sympathy is on the side of the people in this great contest to do what lies in his or her power for the cause of education.

Here are letters that came yesterday:

Rhode Island, Sept. 21, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
Enclosed please find the trifling sum of \$2 to aid the good work that you are trying to accomplish with so many obstacles in your way, trying to show the people the true road to prosperity. No doubt we stood gazing long enough at that big book which we were not intelligent enough to observe. But at least that great book, new open, and a flash of light went over the land indicating what the true Democracy meant. The keen and developed minds of the people soon seized the opportunity that was placed within their reach, and will make a bold effort in November to save the country from the mercy of Hanna and McKinley.
Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sept. 19, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
Please find enclosed \$1 for campaign fund. The amount is small, but if each Democrat in Iowa would contribute his mite Iowa could be easily carried for Bryan this Fall. Yours, truly,
HAWKEYE.

Bensonhurst, Sept. 19, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
Enclosed please find third week's subscription. I was born and bred a Republican, but to my way of thinking the Republicans now are a long way from where they started, and the Democrats are just where Abraham Lincoln would be—with the common people. The Tories in 1776 assailed the Declaration of Independence in the same manner and in about the same terms with which the Tories and sycophants are today attacking the Democratic Declaration of Independence adopted in Chicago in 1896. But I believe posterity will do justice to Mr. Bryan and our cause. Yours lovingly,
C. B. (third week).

W. R. Hearst:
I wish to contribute one dollar toward the Journal's educational fund, regretting I can't make it \$100. I thank you every time I see the Journal for the many and estimable courses you are pursuing in this campaign, and almost envy you for the great amount of good you are enabled to do in assisting your less fortunate fellow-citizens in getting rid of their present lamentable conditions. Good speed you in your noble work. Yours truly,
GEORGE E. PURVIS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
I find enclosed \$5 toward helping the people to once more regain possession of this Government, basely betrayed, as we have been, by both parties. We look and pray that our justices and ill will be triumphantly notified next November by the election of the people's "Tribune," William J. Bryan. Yours,
E. O'GORMAN.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 19, 1896.
W. R. Hearst:
I hereby subscribe the sum of \$5 to the New York Journal's fund for the education of the voters of the United States.

"A Gentleman's" Ideas.

Indorsed and Illustrated.

To the Editor of the Journal:
My communications to your paper, besides attracting widespread public attention, as I expected, have brought me scores of letters through your office. Among them I am surprised to find a number from members of the lower orders, written in an angry tone, and very badly spelled, of course. Their authors assume me to be assuming that my sentiments toward the humbler classes are those of contempt and hostility. Nothing could be further from the truth. My feeling for the lowly, or at least those of them who are content with the station in which it has pleased Providence to place them, are really of the kindest and most benevolent description. Point me out a man who knows his place, and I am ready to be his friend and protector always to the extent of my power.

The abusive character of much of the correspondence which reaches me makes it proper to explain myself more clearly—not to the intelligent, who understand, but to the dull ones of the earth, the hevers of wood and the drawers of water. Having votes, it is of importance that they should be set right. There are workmen and workmen. Some there are who for their unruly spirits, their presumption in comparing themselves with their betters, and who of all unbecomingly stimulated and encouraged by demagogues—deserve the cudgel. But there are others who have some brains, modesty and inbred respect for those who are placed over them. In the breasts of not a few of this latter category I am free to say that I have known the fire of purest patriotism to burn. Only yesterday I was exceedingly well pleased to receive a type-written document from one of them, and I forward it to you herewith, as it is an example of the so-called "labor problem" and a grasp of the political issues now embroiling the nation that one would scarce expect from a person in the writer's subordinate, not to say menial position. I can personally vouch for his worth, as can every gentleman who has enjoyed the hospitality of my friend Flagler, of the Standard Oil Company, on his yacht. While of all these does not know and like honest Harvey, best and most willing of stewards? A more respectful villager does not walk the deck. Thank God, the race of loyal retainers has not died out! However, let honest Harvey speak for himself:

"On Board Alicia,
New York, Sept. 14, 1896.
"To the Officers and Crews of Steam and Sail Yachts of the United States:
"Greetings! As a brother yachtsman who has served as man and officer on board yachts of the New York and Atlantic Yacht clubs for more than twenty-five years, I beg to call your attention to the holding of the coming Presidential election upon our business.

"Over 98 per cent of the yachts sailing from the ports of New York, Boston and Philadelphia are owned by Republicans or gold Democrats. I know of but one yacht of any size sailing from New York that is owned by a silver Democrat, who is largely interested in Western silver mines.

"You are well aware that a yacht is in the strictest sense of the word 'a luxury.' It carries neither passengers nor freight for pay, is in no way a money-making vessel, and is only kept in commission when its owner can afford to run it above his other necessary expenses.

"Any stagnation or depression in business which will reduce yacht owners' incomes or necessitate an economizing on their part will be felt quicker by our crews than by any other business men, as a yacht is always the first thing a man dispenses with, either by 'laying up' or putting into a broker's hands 'for sale,' when a retrenchment is required in his expenditures.

"W. J. Bryan, the free silver candidate, admits that a yacht will be considered a luxury, but thinks the commercial atmosphere will be clearer after it has occurred. The worst gale of wind I ever rode out' was off the coast of Nova Scotia in 1878, and commenced with a squall from the northeast, which my captain said would 'clear things up,' but the wind veered around to the southeast and blew for over seventy hours, so as to nearly strip us of sails and spars and almost lose the yacht. I am not hankering after any more 'clearing up' squalls, such as W. J. Bryan is guessing about, since that time.

"The success of Mr. Bryan certainly means a couple of seasons for the readjustment of values, if nothing worse, and those two seasons will see very few sails hoisted or wheels turning in our fleet; of this rest assured.

"But, leaving politics out of the question, it is your duty to yourself, the owner who employs you and your brother yachtsmen to work to maintain the commercial prosperity of the country at large and the cities of the seaboard and lakes in particular. To do this and protect your own interests, I declare, don't fall to vote for McKinley and Hobart.

"Steward of steam yacht Alicia."
Such an appeal to labor will, not I am convinced, be in vain. It has a much wider application to the situation than honest Harvey is able to conceive, yet in his rude way he lays his finger on the heart of the whole matter, and enforces in the concrete what I have been expounding in general—the vital truth that only by standing up for the interests of their superiors can the humble subserve their own. Reduce the incomes of the opulent and their yachts will be laid up; then where will the stewards and crews be? Reduce our incomes and we curtail our pleasures—our suppers at Delmonico's, for example—and what becomes of the cooks and waiters? It is a fact which should be apparent to the densest intelligence that the more we have the more we will spend. Therefore, it is to the interest of the poor to protect our incomes, for the better spread our tables the more crumbs fall to the poor.

After all, it is every man for himself in this world. Yachts are good for Harvey, and, therefore, Harvey is for yachts. So with the gold standard. It is good for us, and being threatened by Bryan and the Socialistic, Anarchistic Democracy, we rise as one man in its defense.

I trust the Journal will continue its courtesy and publish this communication. As one who feels that the national credit and the national honor are imperilled, I cannot but wish that my humble friend Harvey's ringing appeal to labor should be read by the American masses at a time when demagogues and disturbers are urging them to vote against the better classes in the vain hope of filling their own pockets by some other means than trustful dependence upon their employers. I am, sir, respectfully yours,
A GENTLEMAN.

New York, Sept. 20.
Abdul Hamid's Prospects.
[Washington Post.]
It looks as if the powers might catch Abdul Hamid between the bases and make things very lively for him for a few longings.

Anna Held.

Bravo, petite Held! Bravissimo! The deed was done in exactly fifteen minutes. A thousand New York birds—some of them old and tough—succumbed to the "ogle of a roguish eye." In the fourth part of an hour, Mlle. Anna Held, "étoile de Paris," absolutely unknown in these regions at 10 o'clock last night had captured a teeming, steaming, Herald Square Theatreful, at 10:15. How we waited for her, through the weary watches of "A Parlor Match!" How we tried to kill time by laughing at old jokes, grown mossy and bewhiskered! How we writhed in agony at the horse-play of I. McCorker and Innocent Kidd! Quel ennui, mes freres!

Then she came, a little vision in blue and emerald, appearing in the midst of a spiritualistic cabinet. The audience was cold, and critical. They had seen dozens of these "chanteuses excentriques"—these Fougères and Vallis and horse-faced sirens, with nothing to commend them but a shoddy suggestiveness and a labored double entendre. This tiny, little Held was ebullient with youth. Her "taules of her wandering hair" hung loosely over plump, little, duck-like shoulders. There was no "bleached blonde" hint about it. It was soft, dove colored and perfectly natural. Her eyes, like those of Byron's heroine, seemed to "exhale a sigh," and as she smiled at the baldheads who occupied several of the front rows, her lips framed themselves into a sort of rosy pudence that was provoking, irritating and nerve-disturbing.

Little Anna's frock was chiedy remarkable for what it concealed. She gave us glimpses of this concealment, and we saw pink and yellow divided skirts—veritable marvels of the milliner's art. Swish went the dress—and back again. The pink and yellow dazzled the eyes. It twinkled. What it was I shall never convincingly know. The glimpse was not long enough. It was too momentary. It was trying, more-ish, tantalizing.

Miss Held's songs were received in affable negligence until she came to "Le Contre-basse." The audience paid but little attention to "Vla la Marchesne" and "Mlle. Le Collignon." It was "Le Contre-basse" that caused the first avalanche of enthusiasm. Little Held singled out a lugubrious, dark-mannered orchestra gentleman and made violent love to him a la Vanous, minus twenty years. Her amour was unique. She shook her pectoral embonpoint at him; she coqueted him. Outly and she threw rosy kisses at him. Then she knelt at him upon her divided skirts and apostrophized him in English and French.

Ah, le miserable contre-basse! Think you that he made good music last night? He blood rushed into his capillary vessels. He blushed; he bit his small mustache. He was ill at ease, nervous, unhappy. I half expected to see him leap upon the stage and carry the audience's attention away from the public gaze. Veraciously, I believe that the audience would have forgiven him. If ever a human being cried for sympathy, that miserable contre-basse was he. Little Held had no compassion upon him. She went at him as though she meant it. It was horrible when you realized that she was working for a mere sordid salary; that perhaps she never even knew whether this contre-basse was light or dark, fat or lean. It was acting of the real sort. I had a frisson as I noted this willful waste of splendid material, and saw this unresponsive musician receiving that which good men and brave men might never obtain if they begged for it on their knees. Ah, vicious whim, that deliberately trifling with all the emotional

Mlle. Held's New York success was established as firm as a rock after she had sung the little English song published in Sunday's Journal, called "Play with Me." "I have such a nice little way with me, A way with me, A way with me, I have such a nice little way with me, I should like you to play with me, Play with me, all the day long. Alas, poor bald heads! I looked at them, Their faces were significant. They would have played hide and seek, hunt the slipper, blind man's buff—anything with little Held as an associate. The words of the song may look banal and silly in type. Mlle. Held gave them a meaning that made itself felt up in the gallery. She skipped, and she frolicked; she coqueted; she purred; she hugged herself, and shook herself; she smiled and simpered, and she won everybody. Her English was delicious to hear. English never sounded so charming than when a pretty French girl utters it in brittle accents. It was not broken English. It was a whole-souled, significant language. We speak the broken English; Anna Held doesn't. Du rest, mere language is absurd when magnetism and intense individuality are pitted against it.

"This is the age of oddities let loose," said the poet decades ago. I say the same of the present day, and I declare Anna Held, to be one of the oddities—a soft, cunning little oddity, in whom the flesh runs away with the intellect. For this little lady is all flesh—warm, sensual flesh—and neither you nor I will be hypocritical enough to pretend that we prefer the sneaky sort with the blue stockings and the gig lamps.

After she had been recalled several times and presented as a mountain of flowers twice as high as herself, she made a little speech, half French, half English. "Mauvaise uement," she said, "Je n'ai pas repudé d'autres chansons. I have two hundred in my repertoire. You must come again to hear me," and off she ran, throwing kisses and nods and becks to a furious assemblage of men and women (with an emphasis on the men).

And during the rest of the show, the refrain "I should like you to play with me" was a frequence that haunted everybody. Perhaps it was naughty. Perhaps it was suggestive. Who cares? Life is too short for argument on the subject of twined and twined. The main thing was that Anna Held pleased. Let the man or woman who says she didn't step forth. I should like to see what that man or woman looks like. ALAN DALE.

Naturally.
[Detroit News.]
Being the principal cause and object of it, the New York gold men naturally deplore "the outbreak of sectional bias."

Comforting.
[Detroit Tribune.]
It may please strict Sabbatharians to note that one-half the ball teams which play on Sundays always lose.

No Change of Venue.
[Washington Post.]
Mr. Bryan is determined that the criminals of '73 shall not secure a change of venue to the last question.

"Me, Too."
[Philadelphia Item.]
The issue of 1896 is "Shall America have an American system of finance or shall it play 'Me, too,' to England?"